Utrum Horum, Mavis, Accipe.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

T—D— And C. G—P—

As they met in the *Privy-Garden.*

O. WELL met Brother Evidence, I am glad at laſt that we are both in the ſame Predicament.

P. Zounds, who made me a Brother to ſuch a profligate Wretch as thou art?

O. Sir, I hope 'tis not ſo great an Affront for a Dr. of the Noble Univerſity of *Salamanca*, to call a disbanded Captain, Brother; and eſpecially when we are ſo upon more Titles than one.

P. Pox on thy Brazen-Face. I can ſhew a real Commiſſion I had from my *Quondam* Maſter for my Captainſhip; whereas you cannot ſhew the leaſt ſcrap of your *Diploma* for your Dr's. Degree, having never been within two hundred miles of that fam'd Univerſity.

O. How do you know but I had it by the Poſt?

P. Oh, oh! Good Doctor, the firſt Dr. of the Poſt, but not the firſt Knight of it, I am ſure.

O. Sir, Do you call me Dr. of the Poſt? Remember that I was ſtyled Saviour of the Nation, and believed by Parliaments.

P. A Saviour of the Nation you may be ſtill; but you muſt be Crucified firſt, you perjured Dog; tho' three Parliaments believed you; the all-healing Parliaments that have been ſince this happy Revolution, refuſed to take off your Attainder of

Perjury, which, be ſure they would have done, had they judged you Innocent, ſo that now you are like a Serpent whoſe Poyſon lies in his Teeth, which after they are pulled out, every body may play with Security.

O. Sir, If my Breath ſtinks, I am ſure you have foul a Mouth, and when you tell me of Crucifying, think of hanging your ſelf, good Brother Evidence,

P. O how my Vallour rouſes, if it were not to deſtroy the breed of Evidences, you ſhould quickly feel the Effects of my Reſentments.

O. Your Reſentments? You never durſt draw your Sword in Anger, if your Enemies Sword were drawn firſt. I have heard you have ſuffered your ſelf rather than fight, to be twang'd by the Noſe.

P. That's one of *Charnock's* and my Man *Key's* Stories; but I think I have been even with them ſince.

O. That you have with a witneſs, and I believe was the firſt Maſter that ever drew in his Man to commit Treaſon, and after hanged him for his Pains.

P. No more reflections, good Dr. of the Poſt, my Traytors confeſſed their Crimes at the Gallows, and with their dying Breaths, confirmed my Evidence; but yours denyed it to the laſt Breath.

O. Good Captain *B. B.* Do you know the reaſon of it? When my Traytors ſuffered, the Pope was not in a Confederacy againſt *France*, and ſo gave them Diſpenſations to die with a lye in their Mouths; but being now in the Confederacy, he utterly denyed all Diſpenſations, and ſo they were forced to confeſs; whereas mine having it in their Pockets, died hard as they Phraſe it.

P. Pox take your ſilly Reaſons. I am ſure you could aſſign better; have you forgot what you ſaid in your Book called the *Popes Ware-houſe*, that one might have a Diſpenſation for moſt Crimes, eſpecially Treaſon againſt a Proteſtant Prince for half a Crown, and a Cheap penny worth too; and you know the old Gentleman ſtill loves Money, and would not ſhut up his Ware-houſe upon any account whatſoever; and do you think

that

that neither they nor any of their party could procure half a Crown?

O. what I ſaid in my Ware-houſe was only a Caſt of my Office, and ſerved a turn then; for who does not reflect, that if Diſpenſations were ſo eaſy to be got, that to make Laws againſt the Papiſts, or ſo reputed, were but to hedge in the Cuckow, and that no Man would pay double Taxes, or want an Employment for want of an Oath, when he may be diſpenſed with any Perjury for half a Crown?

P. What you are coming over to my Church.

O. Where the Devil's that?

P. Where a Pox is yours, Zounds, Sword draw your ſelf, and revenge my Quarrel.

O. Sir, have a care of Swearing; you know the ſeverity of the late Act.

P. Good wooden Dr. of the *Poſt*, keep your advice to your ſelf, I have not ſworn above twice, and if I looſe time by it, I do not much value it, I have four *Pounds per* Week. I am ſure you need not, for you have got well by Swearing. Some ſay three or four hundred a Year.

O. What's that to 40000 *Pounds*, that was promiſed me by a good many true *Proteſtants*, as I might then have kept my Coach and Six, and have had a great deal of *Maſculine* diverſements. But now while I think on't, meet me at the —— Tavern at *Charing-Croſs*, there's a delicate Drawer, as beautiful as *Ganimedes*, and will end all Quarrels, you know what I mean, 'tis no ſmall pleaſure to have good Wine filled by a beautiful Hand.

P. I underſtand trap. I do not mean trap *ad Crucem*: This *innuendo* is enough; I'll be ſure, and I heartily forgive you for what is paſt, and I could almoſt meaſure Chins with you even now for your good News.

O. We are not unlike in our Chins; which denotes more Cowardize than Vallour and Bravery in either of us.

P. I am impatient to hear your Nonſenſe, in Repeating ſuch

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infamous Actions, that are enough to make a Neager Bluſh: Do you hear how your old friend groans for you?

Oh! name it once again; will *Titus* come?
My deareſt, hopeful, that long wiſh'd for One,
For whom my *Triple Arms* extended were,
(To hug with cloſe Embraces) many a year.
Haſte! haſte! my choiceſt Darling, whom I love,
And thy long-promis'd kindneſs let me prove.
That *Right* thou plead'ſt for, wh..h indeed's thy due,
Though others I've deny'd, I'll grant it You.
The World ſhall find I willingly will bear,
And dance thy Careaſe 'twixt the Earth and Air.
In *Hemp'n-ſtring* I'll lull thee faſt a ſleep,
And prevent all the Dangers of the Deep.
Oh, how I love thee! 'cauſe I've heard thou'ſt been
So well acquainted with all kinds of Sin,
And, with a falſe and ſtrange Religious Guiſe,
Deſtroy'd the *Innocent*, abus'd the *Wiſe*.
What crafty Leſſons didſt thou teach to men!
How to Rebell, and told the time beſt *when*;
Urg'd to Exclude a Right and Lawful Heir,
Unthrone a King, and ſwore away a *Peer*.
Thy Zeal through two-inch-Boards was plainlyſeen,
When *Satan* prompt thee to ſwear 'gainſt the *Queen*:
Beſides thoſe many guiltleſs Souls that dy'd
A Sacrifice to thy *Luciferian Pride*.
Yet, yet, beloved *Titus*, my dear Son,
(Reputed *Saviour*, for thy Mercies ſhewn,)
And well maiſt claim my Pallace as thine own.
Thou'lt find me kinder far than Courtiers; I
Will never turn thee out until thou die:
And, ſince *White-hall* has left thee, I'll provide
That Lodging for Thee, where old *Noll* was ty'd.

Adieu, dear Brother.

FINIS.

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